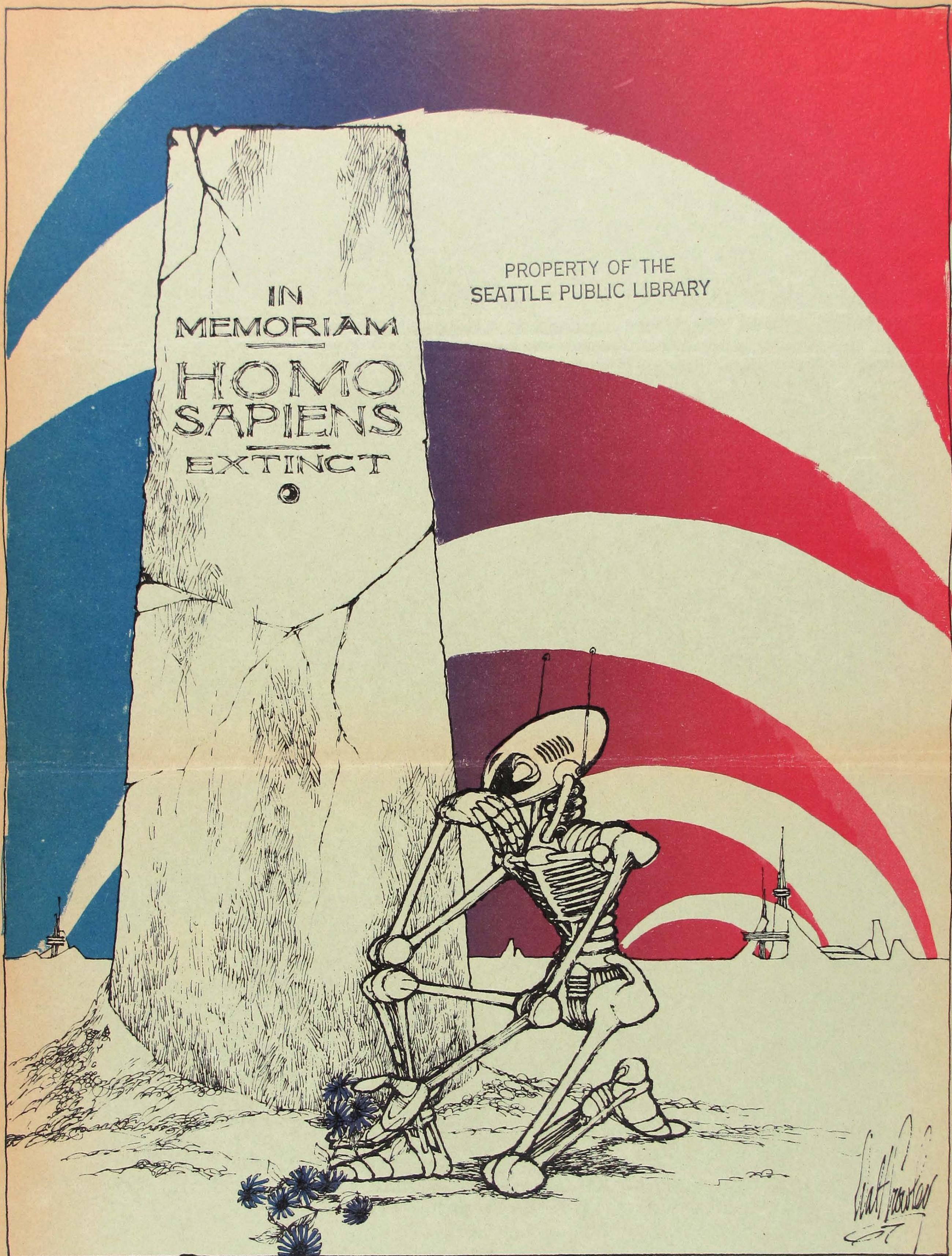


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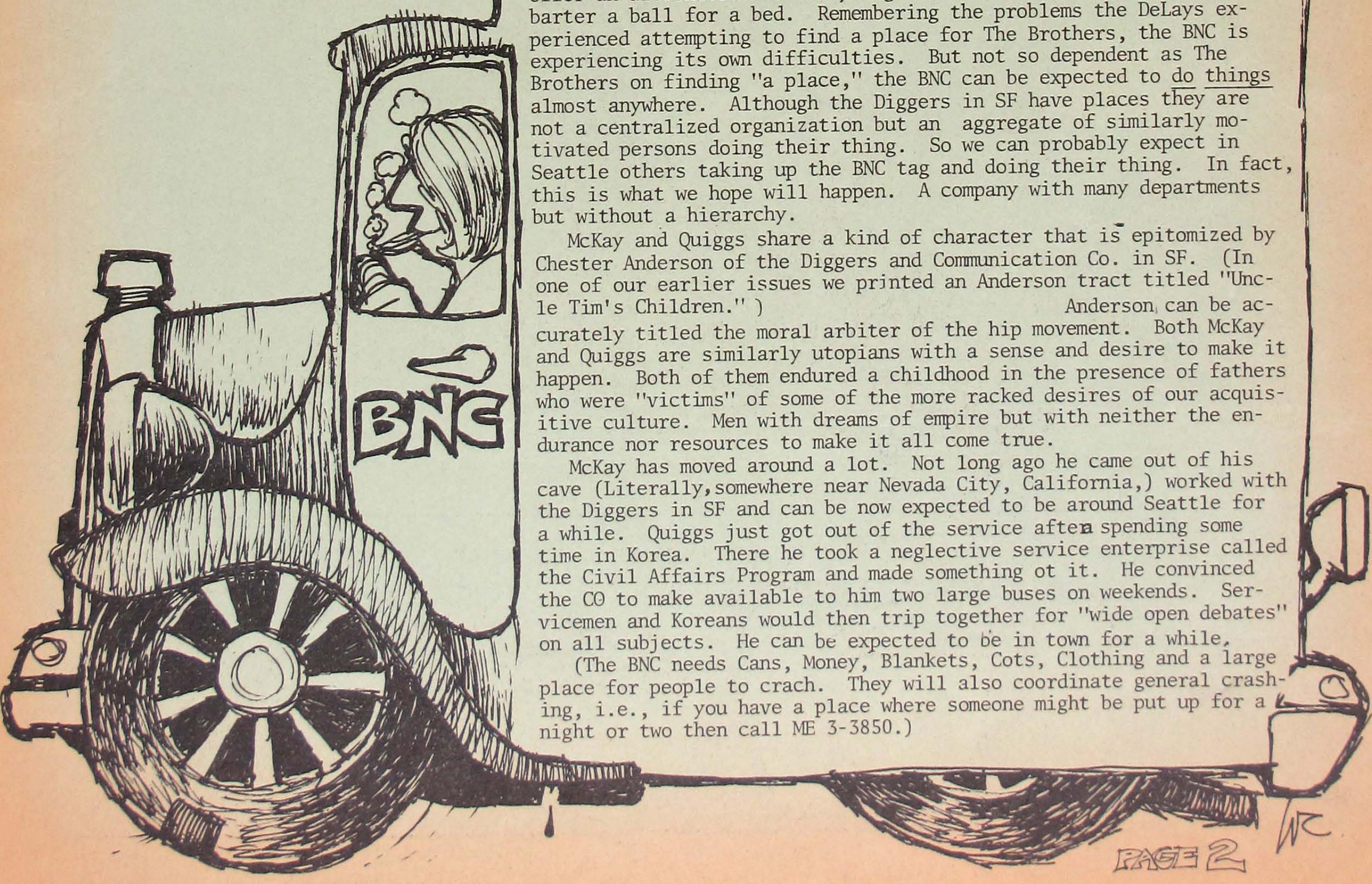
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**HELIX STAFF:**  
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a  
 free  
 people



An effrontery to the chromium sex life of every Mustang-loving American, the BNC vehicle (Basis Needs Company) has been making rusty intrusions into "our district's" tinseled novelty. Scraping around the lower ave., double parking at the Market, or occasionally upsetting suburban tranquility it's a portable phoenix that will inevitably proliferate more of its own kind.

The Digger ideal is not new to Seattle. THE BROTHERS started something similar a few months back. But THE BROTHERS collapsed under the burden of its own bureaucratic weight. At that time there was more occasion to talk, and some of that talk was inevitably misdirected into hyperorganizational schemes. THE BROTHERS wisely announced its own demise with a flier circulated in the district, titled Fuck the Brothers. The author, Jack Delay, advised the readers to go out and do their own thing. Thus, the value of The Brothers was an ironic one. Designed and incorporated to do something, it did very little besides bring together most of the district's "hip-leaders" for a sequence of motorless reflections. And that was precisely its hidden value. For when the oligarchy divided it natively followed Delay's advice before, while and after it was given. It went out and did its own thing...OCS, UDM, HELIX, & now BNC.

The BASIC NEEDS COMPANY is the creation of two contemporary moralists Miguel McKay and Allen Quiggs. Neither of them have been in Seattle more than three weeks. One morning they found themselves sleeping in the same front room in the midst of 1-15 other crashers. After scrounging at the Market together in Quiggs' wagon one of them (we forget which) asked the other "How would you like to do a Digger thing with me?" The second answered "I already am." And they "just went and did things."

This compulsion to "do things" is not unamerican, but the kinds of things that McKay and Quiggs had in mind might on occasion cause the normal acquisitive American to suspect some implied criticism of their own kind of "making it." McKay and Quiggs like to give things away...in as candid a way as possible. Not in the guarded atonement of the American Christmas but indiscriminately or not at all. To date they have fed us at sidewalk feed-ins, pastoral love-ins, and asphalt sweep-outs (alley day.) Presently they're looking for a big place, a place where people can crash who need to, and can when hungry, eat.

Quite the antithesis of one standard hippie image--the indolent freak preoccupied with dope and super-sex--Quiggs and McKay want to offer an alternative to the young transients who frequently must barter a ball for a bed. Remembering the problems the DeLays experienced attempting to find a place for The Brothers, the BNC is experiencing its own difficulties. But not so dependent as The Brothers on finding "a place," the BNC can be expected to do things almost anywhere. Although the Diggers in SF have places they are not a centralized organization but an aggregate of similarly motivated persons doing their thing. So we can probably expect in Seattle others taking up the BNC tag and doing their thing. In fact, this is what we hope will happen. A company with many departments but without a hierarchy.

Mckay and Quiggs share a kind of character that is epitomized by Chester Anderson of the Diggers and Communication Co. in SF. (In one of our earlier issues we printed an Anderson tract titled "Uncle Tim's Children.")

Anderson can be accurately titled the moral arbiter of the hip movement. Both McKay and Quiggs are similarly utopians with a sense and desire to make it happen. Both of them endured a childhood in the presence of fathers who were "victims" of some of the more racked desires of our acquisitive culture. Men with dreams of empire but with neither the endurance nor resources to make it all come true.

Mckay has moved around a lot. Not long ago he came out of his cave (Literally, somewhere near Nevada City, California,) worked with the Diggers in SF and can be now expected to be around Seattle for a while. Quiggs just got out of the service after spending some time in Korea. There he took a neglective service enterprise called the Civil Affairs Program and made something of it. He convinced the CO to make available to him two large buses on weekends. Servicemen and Koreans would then trip together for "wide open debates" on all subjects. He can be expected to be in town for a while.

(The BNC needs Cans, Money, Blankets, Cots, Clothing and a large place for people to crash. They will also coordinate general crashing, i.e., if you have a place where someone might be put up for a night or two then call ME 3-3850.)



The Blacks have not rebelled, and the police have not rioted...yet.

Believe it or not dear reader, it is a moot point whether the angry blacks or the hating whites have the greater interest in seeing it happen.

These are the unsympathetic. Those that would like nothing better than to "shotgun those damn niggers."

But there is sympatico. All kinds.

But what good does it do...all these fine feelings...this just reflection. It is not as if one had to make some rigorous analysis of our city's interracial dynamics in order to understand the most elementary propositions involved. Analysis is whitey's bias. He simply cannot through reflection put himself in the place of the negro and get dealt the habitual societal crap the negro takes. That's an elementary proposition. He cannot understand because he's whiteman's white, and all his keen appreciation of the negro's plight will not save him from simply not being there.

But in Detroit negroes and whites looted together. Perhaps it is less racial insurrection than one of class. When the frustrated revolt against themselves not as the whiteman's "black" but as the richman's "poor". It takes time to get rich...and the ulcerated executive insists that its not the money that's rewarding but the work. In the midst of a rebellion with its looting, time shrinks and if the looter is lucky time stops. On the first hot day of the French Revolution all the towering time pieces of Paris were at once and with no conspiracy destroyed. Then even the looting should stop. Without time there is no place to go...nothing to get or become. No whiteman's black to get out of. No richman's work to go after. One gets free of time. In the midst of the Detroit insurrection when the Man was driven off it went like this.....(from LA FREE PRESS)

The cars full of blacks and some whites streamed down Warren honking their horns, with wide grins on their faces. There was no sense of panic with them. Just victory. The cops had retreated and for a few desperate hours the city belonged to the inarticulate but revolutionary aspirations of the people. Everywhere down on the street people waved their hands out of the windows at one another, everywhere they raised their fists in solidarity, everywhere they shouted, laughing for one another.

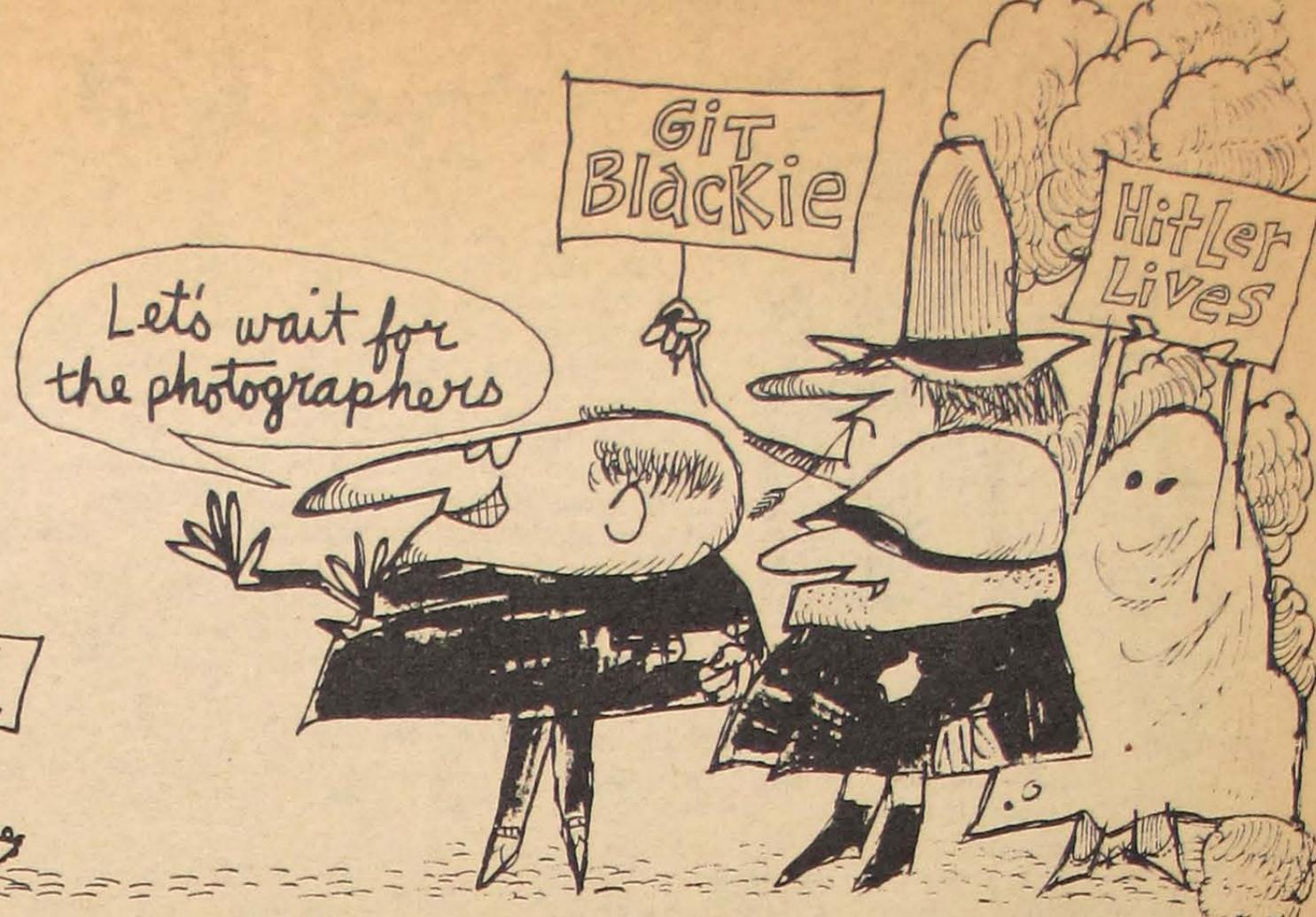
And there is no romanticism in describing the instants of a strange happiness that would occasionally come up to us from the street as if a miracle where

"The public is bored - frustrated. They need a good fight." The NRA has never been as candid as that. This has been "proven" if a war is felt to be inevitable it has a much better chance of happening. If you want a "riot" you predict it and prepare for it. The YAKIMA EAGLE headlines at the hottest time "SEATTLE RIOT INSTRUCTION: With the information that this week end we'll see violence in Seattle, planned and caused by the communists...." The paper is distributed to every third home in the CENTRAL AREA and to practically every business in the City. It is difficult to understand...

(next issue a bit more detached an analysis of what went on.)

spreading through the cells, through the whole internal self like some strange drug or a woman we would love. In those moments one knew the woman to be the common struggle against something no one could exactly articulate. Possibly against the fact of the city itself. Whatever it is it lingers and makes the body uneasy. People love her.

This day people were in it together. And it must be emphasized that THERE WAS NO HOSTILITY BETWEEN BLACK AND WHITE CIVILIANS. Later, the Detroit News quoted unnamed officials calling it "the first integrated looting in history."



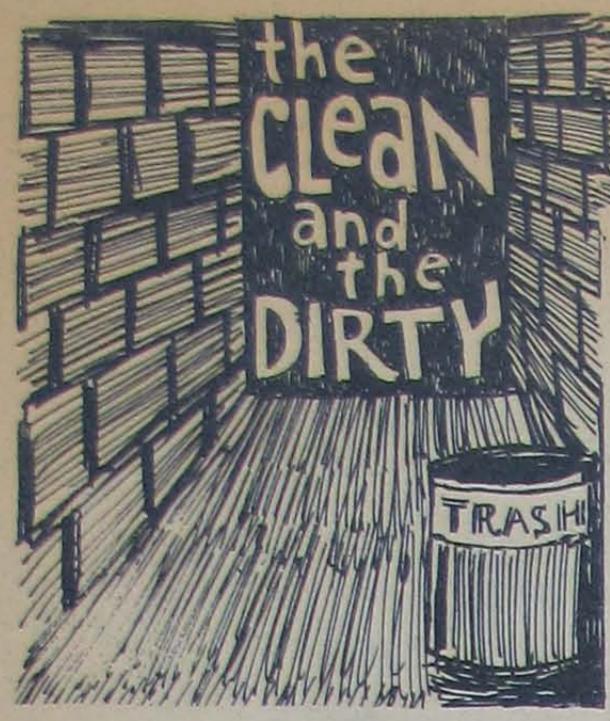
#### PLAYLET by Herodotus:

(Huge room smelling of armpits and cordite: festooned with old roadmaps, framed autographed pics of Attila, Jack Ruby and the Boston Strangler: Here and there are gnawed fowl carcasses; other military claptrap. Milling about are Generals Chaos & Catastrophe Major Disaster, Corporal Punishment, Sergeant Quirt, Captain Flagg, et. al. Barely discernible in gloom, chap in Uncle Sam suit topped by gray, snapbrim, 1948 George Raft fedora.)

GEN C: How's it hanging, General?  
 GEN C: WHILE we're not winning, General, we've sort of stopped losing. We control part of the Saigon Whorehouses, most of the suburbs of Detroit, and all the Dow Jones average.  
 GEN C: Are those Beautiful People still out front throwing flowers?  
 GEN C: Yup but they ain't taking them out of the vases anymore. That's insurrection. I'll have the paratroopers remonstrate with them. (muttering into phone. Sounds of cannons, bombs, screams, etc.)  
 GEN C: Call Police Headquarters. A lot of funerals need escorting.  
 CORP P: Sorry sir, they have an unlisted phone number now.  
 GEN C: Sometimes I wonder what we're doing in this war, defending an army that won't defend itself.  
 1948: Please repeat that verbatim into this machine.  
 GEN C: Go play with yourself. How am I supposed to kill these godless atheistic slum denizens with you alla time bugging me?  
 1948: We don't bug anybody. That was Bobby Kennedy. We just beat it out of you.  
 GEN C: Get outta my face. Everybody knows about you. Go find a stolen car.  
 1948: You'll pay for that. Your file is very raw already.  
 MAJ. D: Sir, I'd like to report on my reconnaissance. As you see, I'm wounded.  
 GEN C: Yes you poor dear. What happened, sniper?  
 MAJ. D: No, a rat bit me. It's hell out there sir, The National Guard caught the firemen in an ambush and carried off a number of meter maids as hostages.  
 GEN C: I always said war is too important to leave to politicians. Anything else?  
 MAJ. D: We repulsed an attack and wiped out the opposing force.  
 Happened to be a six year old maniac armed with a portable TV.  
 GEN C: Nice work. Go take care of the world, son, I'm recommending you for the Distinguished Electric Prod to go with your Litter Bug Award.  
 CORP P: I know it's silly, but I'm having a whale of a good time. First time I heard 'em screaming Get Whitey, I ran out in the street hollering it too. Then I realized I was Whitey.  
 GEN C: No you ain't corporal. You're a black nigger and don't you forget it, but you're our black nigger. What worries me about this war is you can't tell who the enemy is anymore. He don't play fair. All colors out there looting on an equal basis, first come first served. Who do they think they are, the Chamber of Commerce?  
 GEN C: Shoot em all, blow em up, blast em. This'll stop those sneering Europeans who look down on us because we never had a modern war on our soil. I get so sick of them telling us we've only a measly 620,000 fatalities in our war. We've gotta get a move on, catch up, be first! Why, we pro's run a bad third to car wrecks and bathroom accidents. It's intolerable!  
 (Phone Rings.)  
 CORP P: War on Poverty, Slum Clearance Division...It's for you sir, Mommy Bird.  
 GEN C: Yes, ma'am. How's the weather at the summer White House? I always enjoy Tel Aviv this time of year myself. Do I hear gunfire over your way? It's only the National Rifle Association? Good. Now don't you worry, we're destroying everything just beautifully. We all love your motif for the year: Barbecued City. No ma'am, we've spared all the landmarks--Lee Harvey Oswald Junior High School, Walter Jenkins Memorial YMCA, everything of historical value. But the rest! Baby, I wish I knew how to play the fiddle!

gene johnston

Keep TRYING, BABY

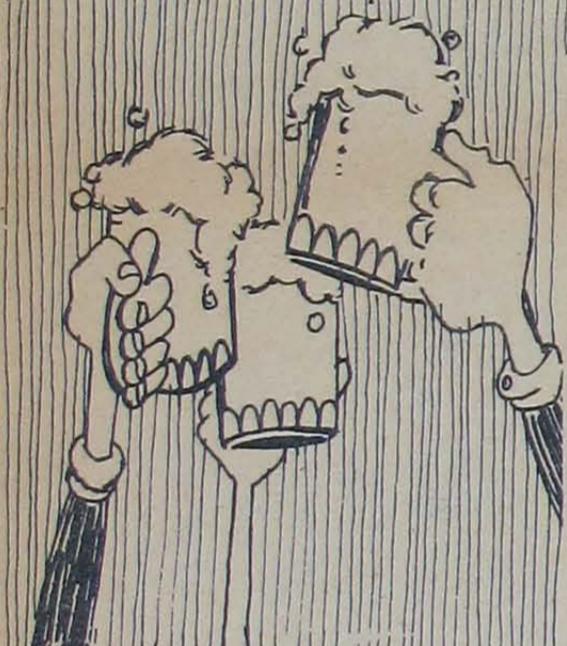


What a little mixing of dirt and people will do. 100 "apolitical" hippies cleaned a local alley last week and stirred the scatological imagination of merchants and newsmen. What was designed as a benign gimmick to promote more jobs for "hippies" mystified the standard sales imagination. It was suspected by some that the traditionally dirty inscrutable hippie image was being strangely subverted by this too rigorous sweeping. The Questions: "Just what do you expect to get out of this?..." "Are you serious?" ... "Do you mean to do more of this sort of thing?" In their "deep heart's core" the slightly nervous straights sensed the deep symbolism involved: the ceremonial cleansing of America's hidden and neglected byways: the ghetto rats in the basement of the American mind.

The more innocent were delighted. The dirt conscious City Streets Dept., after first refusing, eventually softened and furnished the dirt conscious hippies with brooms. Kindly little old ladies in adjoining shops, though at first suspicious, later relinquished their doubts and cooperated.

But there were those exceptions. One local copy shop--between 42nd and 43rd on the east side of U.Way-- refused to allow their droppings to be touched even by the City Dept's sterilized brooms. Another, a local real estate agent - on the same side of the street between the same two streets - claimed his part of the alley was already pretty clean. This same local real estate agent - confident report has it - later contacted contiguous businesses to his own and circulated his suspicions that the entire affair was, in very fact, a hippie plan to riot - to break into store windows and to get even with some of the merchants. The speculations continued that the hippies, through soliciting the merchants' cooperation and aid were, in point of fact, trying to find out who was on their side.

## VARIETIES OF NATURE WORSHIP

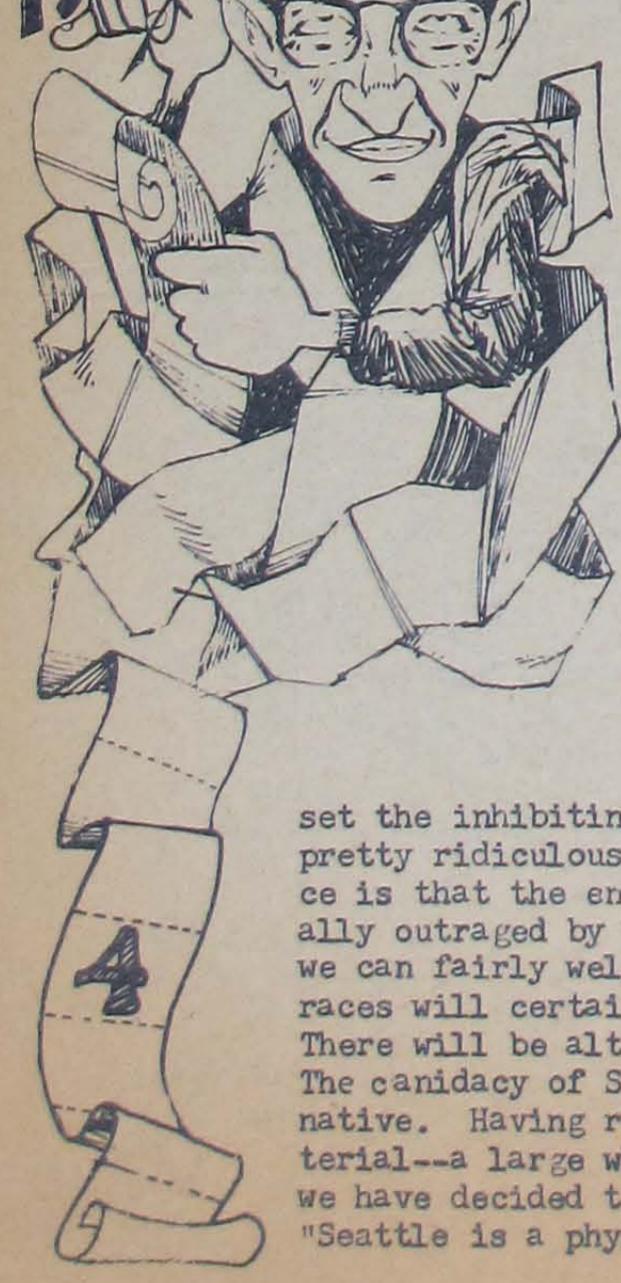


Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas told a pro-conservation crowd of about 200 that some laws are immoral and motivated by greed.

The craggy, white-haired liberal referred to Kennecott Copper Co.'s legal right by an 1870 give-away law to dig a strip mine in the Glacier Peak Wilderness near Darrington. He and his lovely twenty-four year old blonde wife then led a brief hike of concerned people, a few hippies, and a camera-brandishing deputy sheriff.

The deputy, officer Bledsoe of Skagit County, said he was directed

## PROVO FOR COUNCIL



Most Anything that has happened in Seattle in the past few decades has happened in spite of the authorities. Seattle, in fact, used to swing. "Old timers" can recall how still in to the second quarter of the century citizens could pretty well groove as they wished...that means, of course, that the citizens generally minded their own business. But with the late 30's and especially with the war came a kind of government to Seattle which has pretty much left it in the hands of narrow-minded dolts ever since.

This last year things have gotten a little out of hand...i.e. the new freedoms that youth and the more enlightened of the aging are demanding in the face of our prosperity, have

set the inhibiting hands of the local authorities to some pretty ridiculous--even pathetic--grasping. The consequence is that the entire city has now been amused and occasionally outraged by the political establishment's senility. So we can fairly well expect some changes; the City Council races will certainly not be a sure thing for the incumbents. There will be alternatives.

The candidacy of Stan Iverson, anarchist, is one such alternative. Having recently come across his only campaign material--a large white circular titled PROVO FOR COUNCIL--we have decided to reprint a few excerpts from it.

"Seattle is a physically beautiful city ruled by dolts..."

What a little mixing of dirt and people will do. 100 "apolitical" hippies cleaned a local alley last week and stirred the scatological imagination of merchants and newsmen. What was designed as a benign gimmick to promote more jobs for "hippies" mystified the standard sales imagination. It was suspected by some that the traditionally dirty inscrutable hippie image was being strangely subverted by this too rigorous sweeping. The Questions: "Just what do you expect to get out of this?..." "Are you serious?" ... "Do you mean to do more of this sort of thing?" In their "deep heart's core" the slightly nervous straights sensed the deep symbolism involved: the ceremonial cleansing of America's hidden and neglected byways: the ghetto rats in the basement of the American mind.

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But there were those exceptions. One local copy shop--between 42nd and 43rd on the east side of U.Way-- refused to allow their droppings to be touched even by the City Dept's sterilized brooms. Another, a local real estate agent - on the same side of the street between the same two streets - claimed his part of the alley was already pretty clean. This same local real estate agent - confident report has it - later contacted contiguous businesses to his own and circulated his suspicions that the entire affair was, in very fact, a hippie plan to riot - to break into store windows and to get even with some of the merchants. The speculations continued that the hippies, through soliciting the merchants' cooperation and aid were, in point of fact, trying to find out who was on their side.

The only other SeaFair celebration of note that week in the district was the parade. Dave Wyatt, intrepid leader of the Hippie Job-Corps, asked officials on the day of the parade if hippies could also march in it. It occurred to Dave that they had something to do with the district. He was refused with the answer that it was a parade for children. Impressionable children, ecstatic over the presence of the Chevrolet Float, might well have been led off by some hip pied piper.

The alley cleansing itself didn't take long. By the time the large sudsy frothing of the brooms disappeared through the gutter grating, the sun had dried the concrete and it was being decorated with chalk and pastel. There were only a few interruptions. Local newsmen attempting to look inconspicuous for a candid shot, or with a cub reporter's bravura verbally raping sweating broom-pushers. A few vehicles insisted on using the alley in the midst of the cleaning. One - something like a Cadillac - driven by local real estate dealer Don Kennedy, had its feet cleaned. The Pizza Haven expressed their thanks, and a local barber shop hysterically evicted the cleaners from its portion of the alley.

"But just what do you expect to get out of this?" More jobs have come in on the corps new phone...ME 3 3850 (The Mad Duck).

"Do you mean to do more of this sort of thing?" (Yesterday while wandering up the Ravenna ravine I noticed such a corruption of papers and cans that it would seem a delightful effort to have a great big clean-up there. Like strategically placing barrels in the middle of the ravine, and then dragnetting both sides of the ravine: a big sweep-down into the barrels, consummated by live music from the Good Karma Lawn Service and BNC food.)

In fact, they - the hippies - have been doing this sort of thing all along. At Be-Ins -gatherings of thousands- the grounds have invariably been left clean. On "Hippie Hill" though it at times seems hopeless, inevitably all the trash is collected and stowed.

"But are you serious?"

to "keep order" at the gathering and the photography was not part of his official duties, but for his private use. He said he makes available his personal rogues' gallery to interested "agencies."

Meanwhile, in the Darrington Tavern, a bunch of the boys were whooping it up and explaining what all this really meant. They ignored the rally, despite efforts of news media to promote a ruckus. "Kennecott has no intention of digging a mine there," said a local logger. "They're going to shake down the government for about 100 million to cover their expenses three times over and shove off. Senator Henry Jackson is married to a relative of Kennecott's top man, you know." We didn't but it seemed nice for him.

"That ain't all," gargled another suds-guzzler, "Douglas makes off with all the young girls, and there aren't enough to go around as it is."

johnston

The Council, as it has functioned, is an absurdity. I shall treat it as such in my campaign...I propose to introduce that most unusual of political commodities into the campaign--candor. I shall say things that even honest politicians say only privately to close friends. I am not a practical politician--indeed I am not a politician at all and am aggressively impractical. My purpose is to compel the other candidates to make positive commitments on a number of issues instead of hiding, as is customary, behind a rogues' language of equivocation and can't".

Lead sentences from Iverson's more lengthy proposals:

"I am an advocate of peace in Viet Nam--American withdrawal.  
"I oppose censorship...  
"I oppose the expansion of the police force...  
"I advocate a strong police review board...  
"I advocate ending the curfew and all other ordinances which discriminate against minors.  
"I oppose the prosecution and persecution of people for so called crimes without victims...  
"I advocate a policy of tolerance toward competent abortionists...  
"I advocate the preservation of the Public Market...  
"I advocate an end to parking meter shakedown...  
"In short I advocate an open city, a community developing in a spirit of civilized tolerance, a place for many people to live and develop in all of their diversities---a place for human beings to develop humanely ---a city that swings."

# THE COLORFUL MARKET



Seattle's Pike Street Market harbors that "quaint" nostalgia that instigates peculiar sentiments. When Mark Tobey was a younger man and Funk a rarer feeling, he sketched a record of the market soft and heavy. During the depression it was a good place to get food cheaper. The characters he sketched weren't so nostalgic. It was a more immediate thing in the plan for survival then.

Now the well-heeled, the hip, the funked and the curious visit the Market. Something peculiar might happen they can look on at. Today the Market itself is a sketch: an inner-city work of art. Threats that it might be razed or remodeled like some Windemere kitchen instigated a committee to Save the Market. Just this past week one of the Northwest's finest Architects, Paul Kirk, was given the job of working a compromise, that is, the tricky job of fixing it up yet keeping it The Market. That Kirk was given the job is a testimony to the effectiveness of the committee to keep the more progress-burdened city fathers from destroying it. Victor Steinbrueck, another architect of Kirk's caliber, can probably be thanked most for keeping at it.

Again, the Market as a work of art harbors that "quaint nostalgia that instigates peculiar sentiments. Some of these are more insistent than others. For being thought of as a place where things might happen...they do.

Dave Wyatt, you'll remember, thought it a particularly good place to open up a public forum. In the late spring he and a few others tried. He was arrested for disturbing the peace. Dave Wyatt, was back again this mid-summer, July 29th, for a different though similar reason. He came as part of the Committee for Solidarity With the Black People of Detroit.



It has never been considered proper to call up a politician's origins as a criticism of his platform. More typically a politician's genesis has been used to promote his programs, e.g. Lincoln's log cabin. But I am thinking here of the case where John Elow, candidate for the post of 5th alderman, is asked to publicly account for his arrest in 1905 for busting up a saloon. Even in a sober society such an incrimination will likely lose the inquisitor as many votes as the accused. Even in matters of literary logic a critic who mixes speculations about Yeats' infantile fantasies with the "hard literary facts" of his poetry is roundly criticized. But there are exceptions: like when a schizophrenic's paintings are treated as symptoms of some natal trauma. And there is one political "work of art" now exhibited in the district whose configurations are so sullen, that I cannot help but speculate over their origins.

The name of this local stereotype is Dick Christianson. His more recent historical-literary prototypes are Elmer Gantry in the novel of that name by Sinclair Lewis and Willie Stark out of R.P. Warren's All the King's Men. For Dick Christianson is both a preacher and a politician..... and now he is something else again, a policeman. All of this spells power. Unfortunately, he is no benevolent guru instructing his disciples in their autonomy and in the cosmic irony of his own elevation. Dick Christianson is, rather an intensely serious man dangerously attached to the most perverse of occidental compulsions: power over people. And if it were not for the dangers of that power he could be dismissed or charitably attended to as nothing more than a pitiable confidence man.

But now Dick Christianson carries a badge and agun. As a reserve officer on the Seattle Police Force it is, apparently, his prerogative to do so...possibly even his duty. For the past few months he has frequently been seen milling about the district with the juvenile squad. Of course, he has



During the 1st two weeks in the U.district you probably have noticed some strange looking people carrying clipboards, cameras, and sometimes even walkie talkies. A new type of tourist? No. In fact, in the same place one would expect a Seattle police badge is found a large eye rimmed with the words **FREEDOM PATROL** and with "who will watch the watchers?" inscribed in the center.

Designed not to obstruct or hinder the police but merely to witness and document police activities, the **FREEDOM PATROL** has been effective! Before its inception, police behavior (particularly that of the juvenile squad) in the district exhibited an arrogance and presumption of authority unrestricted by the spirit and even the letter of the law. By abstracting their "duty" to be that of eliminating the "drug problem" the police tend to forget they are dealing with people and begin treating them like things. However, placing an arrogant officer of this type in front of two unimpressed freedom patrol observers has the same effect as placing him in front of a mirror. What before were swaggerings of a power trip suddenly take on the connotation of sticking his foot in his mouth. It is hoped that eventually the officer will see more than just a "mirror" and will recognize there are human beings out there.

Most of the 20 or so who made up the committee would be titled by the national press, leftist radicals: that is, they belonged to such political organizations as Spartacist, Freedom Soc. Party, Progressive Labor, etc. (The few "apolitical hippies" that "tagged" along might also be suspected of grooving the fruit.)

The committee had a relatively simple plan, and they let the press know about it. They would carry signs reading "No More Troops Against American Citizens,"

"Is Detroit What the War on Poverty Means," would give a few speeches and pass out a few leaflets. This they did, but that's not all the reporting. On the evening before the demonstration, Miriam Rader, co-founder of the Free University and a member of the Committee, received a phone call from the police, advising her that the police had learned of their plans and were worried for their safety. They thus promised to be there for they "didn't want to see anything happen." Another member of the committee later commented that "With that assurance we decided to provide for our own defence!!" They formed a committee within the committee: a Defense Committee. This proved a sensible thing to do.

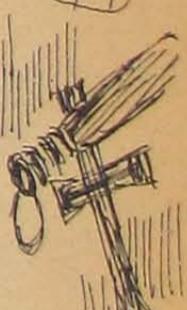
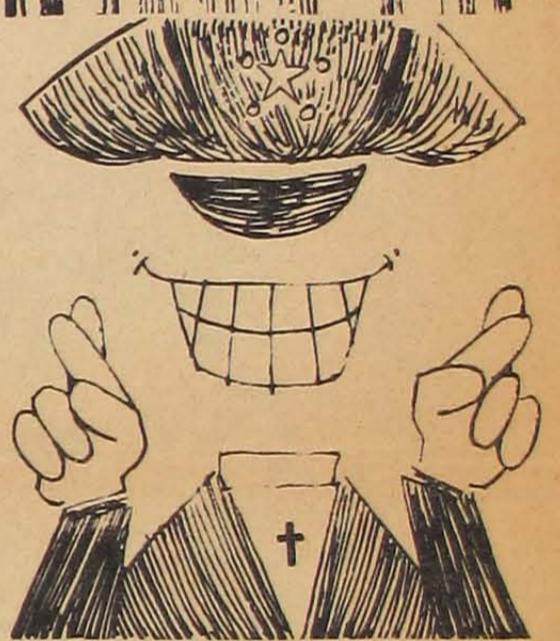
After passing out leaflets announcing the event it got underway at 2pm. Or as Kline says "We were ready." Speakers including Kline and Wyatt took to the stand and the crowd stayed mostly cool and sometimes sympathetic. But in the midst of the 100 or so gathered around them there were a few

(cont. on p 11)



answered for his presence by his "interest in youth," but most of the local "teeny-boppers" that provide the tender substance for his milling are too young to recognize his real presence from that megalomaniac invasion of his portrait that littered the state a few years back when he ran for Governor of this state and then for Senator from it. A few weeks back Roger Crowley didn't recognize him either.

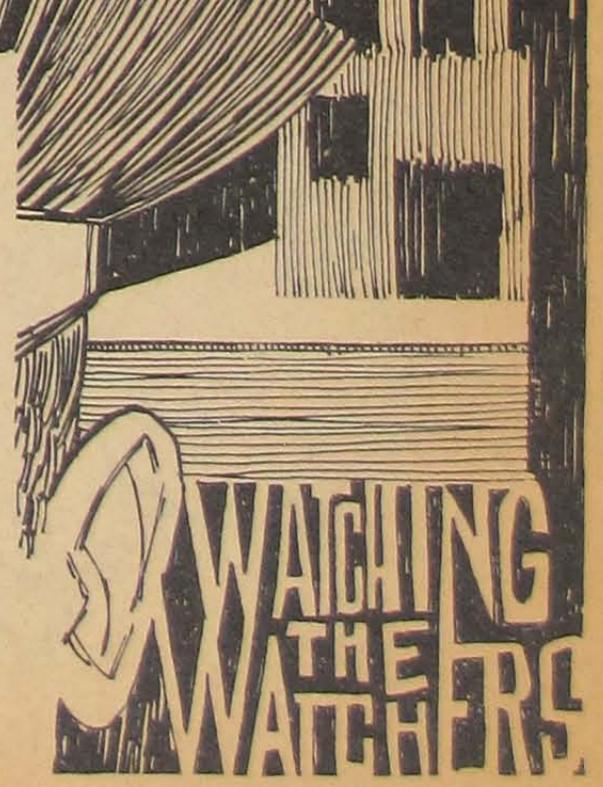
Roger Crowley, son of George and Louise Crowley, local activists, was returning home late one night from a visit with a friend in the district. He was waiting for the bus. He was not violating that local curfew law which the more arbitrary members of our local police force find such a handy thing to abuse. That is, he was not "loiter(ing), wander(ing), stroll(ing), or play(ing) on the streets or highways, in public places, or upon unoccupied premises or grounds after (10pm)." He was waiting for the bus. Since it is the predictable compulsion of those fascinated with power - even of those who have played with it big-time like Dick Christianson - not to neglect even the slightest chance to discharge it, Dick C. went up to Roger Crowley and eventually with the help of Sgt. Elster, Roger was taken to the station. There he was searched and finding no obvious stash the police with the reverent fascination of an alchemist scraped pocket dust from the recesses of his jacket, and with fingers that have been fingering stashes for a quarter of a century put the contents in a small brown envelope. This envelope was in turn put in a larger brown envelope -- along with some zig-zag papers and a button reading "legalize Marijuana" -- and sent to the local chemist with a request for an analysis. (cont. p. 9)



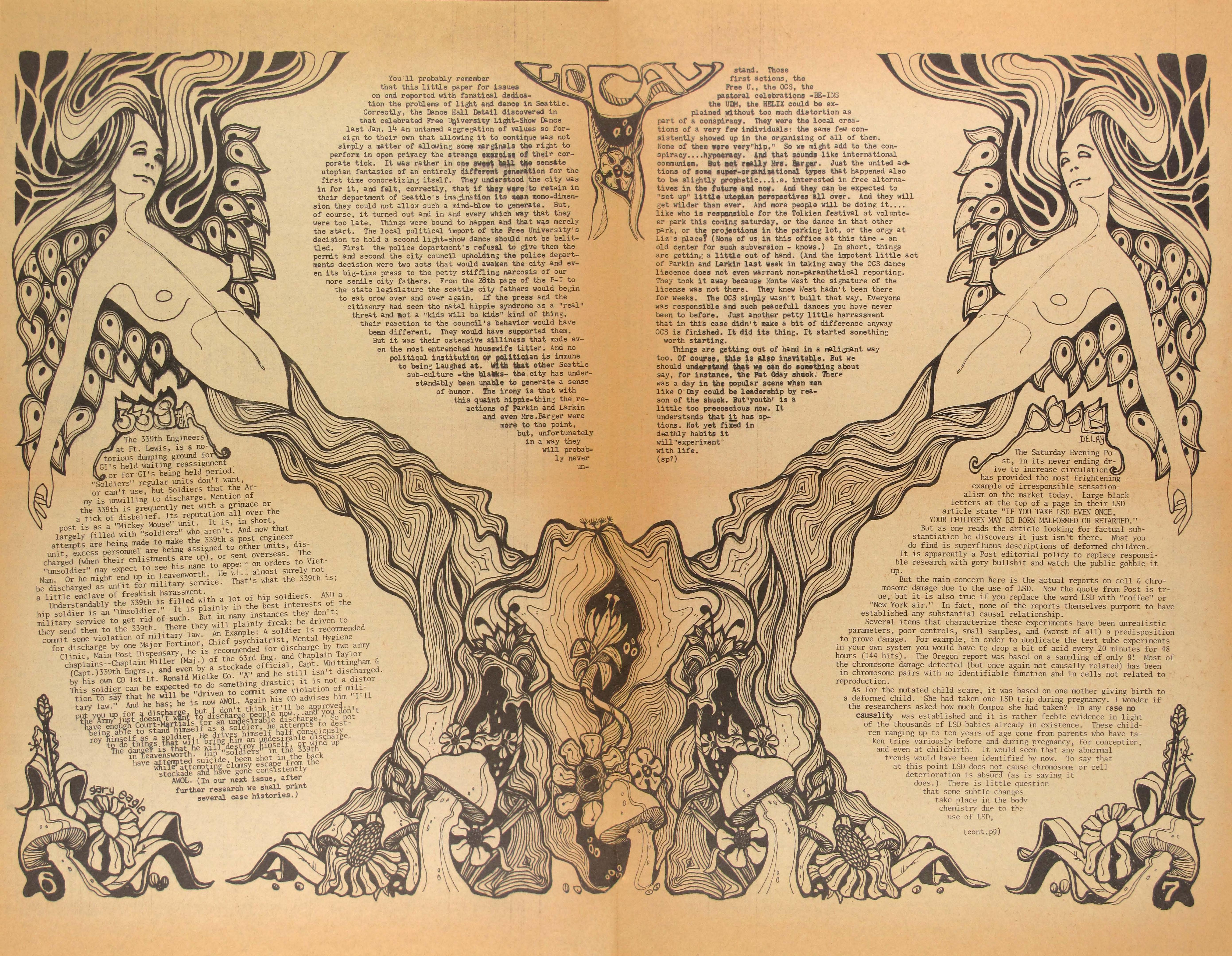
Unfortunately, some of the police are a little dense and it will take a while to reach them. e.g. This last Saturday morning a patrol officer chased off a crowd of people in front of the Coffee Corral for "loitering". About thirty minutes later he returned to gruffly announce to myself and two others that "If I ever see any of you three again out here after the hour of dark you're going to jail", asked "on what charge?" he replied, "that'll be determined when the time comes."

Followed outside of the district, juvenile squad cars wander through obscure streets and alleys interrupted only by the appearance of hippy pads, (in all parts of Seattle), they have put under "surveillance", "investigation", or if particularly deserving, a "social call".

RUBY



65



You'll probably remember that this little paper for issues on end reported with fanatical dedication the problems of light and dance in Seattle. Correctly, the Dance Hall Detail discovered in that celebrated Free University Light-Show Dance last Jan. 14 an untamed aggregation of values so foreign to their own that allowing it to continue was not simply a matter of allowing some marginals the right to perform in open privacy the strange exercise of their corporate tick. It was rather in one sweet hall the sensate utopian fantasies of an entirely different generation for the first time concretizing itself. They understood the city was in for it, and felt, correctly, that if they were to retain in their department of Seattle's imagination its mean mono-dimension they could not allow such a mind-blow to generate. But, of course, it turned out and in every which way that they were too late. Things were bound to happen and that was merely the start. The local political import of the Free University's decision to hold a second light-show dance should not be belittled. First the police department's refusal to give them the permit and second the city council upholding the police departments decision were two acts that would awaken the city and even its big-time press to the petty stifling narcosis of our more senile city fathers. From the 28th page of the P-I to the state legislature the seattle city fathers would begin to eat crow over and over again. If the press and the citizenry had seen the natal hippie syndrome as a "real" threat and not a "kids will be kids" kind of thing, their reaction to the council's behavior would have been different. They would have supported them. But it was their ostensive silliness that made even the most entrenched housewife titter. And no political institution or politician is immune to being laughed at. With that other Seattle sub-culture - the blacks - the city has understandably been unable to generate a sense of humor. The irony is that with this quaint hippie-thing the reactions of Parkin and Larkin and even Mrs. Barger were more to the point, but, unfortunately in a way they will probably never un-

stand. Those first actions, the Free U., the OCS, the pastoral celebrations -EE-INS the UIM, the HELIX could be explained without too much distortion as part of a conspiracy. They were the local creations of a very few individuals: the same few consistently showed up in the organizing of all of them. None of them were very "hip." So we might add to the conspiracy...hypeocracy. And that sounds like international communism. But not really Mrs. Barger. Just the united actions of some super-organizational types that happened also to be slightly prophetic...i.e. interested in free alternatives in the future and now. And they can be expected to "set up" little utopian perspectives all over. And they will get wilder than ever. And more people will be doing it...like who is responsible for the Tolkien festival at volunteer park this coming saturday, or the dance in that other park, or the projections in the parking lot, or the orgy at Liz's place? (None of us in this office at this time - an old center for such subversion - knows.) In short, things are getting a little out of hand. (And the impotent little act of Parkin and Larkin last week in taking away the OCS dance license does not even warrant non-paranthetical reporting. They took it away because Monte West the signature of the license was not there. They knew West hadn't been there for weeks. The OCS simply wasn't built that way. Everyone was responsible and such peaceful dances you have never been to before. Just another petty little harassment that in this case didn't make a bit of difference anyway OCS is finished. It did its thing. It started something worth starting.

Things are getting out of hand in a malignant way too. Of course, this is also inevitable. But we should understand that we can do something about say, for instance, the Pat O'Day shack. There was a day in the popular scene when men like O'Day could be leadership by reason of the shack. But "youth" is a little too precocious now. It understands that it has options. Not yet fixed in deathly habits it will "experiment" with life. (sp?)

The Saturday Evening Post, in its never ending drive to increase circulation has provided the most frightening example of irresponsible sensationalism on the market today. Large black letters at the top of a page in their LSD article state "IF YOU TAKE LSD EVEN ONCE, YOUR CHILDREN MAY BE BORN MALFORMED OR RETARDED."

But as one reads the article looking for factual substantiation he discovers it just isn't there. What you do find is superfluous descriptions of deformed children. It is apparently a Post editorial policy to replace responsible research with gory bullshit and watch the public gobble it up.

But the main concern here is the actual reports on cell & chromosome damage due to the use of LSD. Now the quote from Post is true, but it is also true if you replace the word LSD with "coffee" or "New York air." In fact, none of the reports themselves purport to have established any substantial causal relationship.

Several items that characterize these experiments have been unrealistic parameters, poor controls, small samples, and (worst of all) a predisposition to prove damage. For example, in order to duplicate the test tube experiments in your own system you would have to drop a bit of acid every 20 minutes for 48 hours (144 hits). The Oregon report was based on a sampling of only 8! Most of the chromosome damage detected (but once again not causally related) has been in chromosome pairs with no identifiable function and in cells not related to reproduction.

As for the mutated child scare, it was based on one mother giving birth to a deformed child. She had taken one LSD trip during pregnancy. I wonder if the researchers asked how much Compoz she had taken? In any case no causality was established and it is rather feeble evidence in light of the thousands of LSD babies already in existence. These children ranging up to ten years of age come from parents who have taken trips variously before and during pregnancy, for conception, and even at childbirth. It would seem that any abnormal trends would have been identified by now. To say that at this point LSD does not cause chromosome or cell deterioration is absurd (as is saying it does.) There is little question that some subtle changes take place in the body chemistry due to the use of LSD,

(cont.p9)

**339th**  
The 339th Engineers at Ft. Lewis, is a notorious dumping ground for GI's held waiting reassignment or for GI's being held period. "Soldiers" regular units don't want, or can't use, but Soldiers that the Army is unwilling to discharge. Mention of the 339th is frequently met with a grimace or a tick of disbelief. Its reputation all over the post is as a "Mickey Mouse" unit. It is, in short, largely filled with "soldiers" who aren't. And now that attempts are being made to make the 339th a post engineer unit, excess personnel are being assigned to other units, discharged (when their enlistments are up), or sent overseas. The "unsoldier" may expect to see his name to appear on orders to Viet Nam. Or he might end up in Leavenworth. He will almost surely not be discharged as unfit for military service. That's what the 339th is; a little enclave of freakish harassment.

Understandably the 339th is filled with a lot of hip soldiers. AND a hip soldier is an "unsoldier." It is plainly in the best interests of the military service to get rid of such. But in many instances they don't; they send them to the 339th. There they will plainly freak: be driven to commit some violation of military law. An Example: A soldier is recommended for discharge by one Major Fortinor, Chief psychiatrist, Mental Hygiene Clinic, Main Post Dispensary, he is recommended for discharge by two army chaplains--Chaplain Miller (Maj.) of the 63rd Eng. and Chaplain Taylor (Capt.) 339th Engrs., and even by a stockade official, Capt. Whittingham & by his own CO 1st Lt. Ronald Mielke Co. "A" and he still isn't discharged. This soldier can be expected to do something drastic; it is not a distortion to say that he will be "driven to commit some violation of military law." And he has; he is now AWOL. Again his CO advises him "I'll put you up for a discharge, but I don't think it'll be approved; the Army just doesn't want to discharge people now...and you don't have enough Court-Martials for an undesirable discharge." So not being able to stand himself as a soldier, he attempts to destroy himself as a soldier. He drives himself half consciously to do things that will bring him an undesirable discharge. The danger is that he will destroy himself or wind up in Leavenworth. Hip "soldiers" in the 339th have attempted suicide, been shot in the back while attempting clumsy escape from the stockade and have gone consistently AWOL. (In our next issue, after further research we shall print several case histories.)

*Gary Eagle*

**Aggressors For Peace**

"Is Viet-Nam Habit-Forming?" Volume 1, #4, prompts me to quote Francis P. Mathews (Truman's Secretary of the NAVY) who said Aug. 25, 1950: "We should boldly proclaim our undeniable objective to be world peace. To have peace we should be willing, and declare our intention, to pay any price, even the price of instituting a war, to compel cooperation for peace....(This) peace-seeking policy, though it cast us in a character new to true democracy -- an initiator of war of aggression -- it would earn for us a proud and popular title -- we would become the first aggressors for peace." If you are thinking of offering something (like half an ounce of banana blend) for a "how stupid can you get column," this one, I submit, would be a winner. Congratulations on your paper. John Stenhouse

etc

**I. Seattle Summer**

tripping outwards  
each place the PLAYCE  
Stish (Renaissance) Sun  
**Rise**  
+ e  
ALL ONE  
Dayze  
Continuity  
Births  
Hae  
Again  
**A GAIN AGE IN'**  
Once only Forever

**II This → ← Verse III.**

zezeveR

One into Self  
One Verse

zezeveR eR

unive  
sezegeR

41,000,000,000 Years Outward

41,000,000,000 Years in ward

For ever

this → ← verse

this Breath

instant

82,000,000,000 Years Slow Motion

Death  
Breath  
Birth /  
I R + h -  
**B H E D**  
H + A E

B E H  
**J DAY**

P. Sawyer

**A PROPOSAL**

Many of us feel alienated and disenchanted with our castrating, hyper-accumulative, patriotic war-bent society, yet feel that the answer must not simply replace the present Parkinsonian bureaucracy with another, pursuing the very same anti-goals with different slogans, equally indifferent to humanity and individual expression, propelling itself toward self-annihilation by ever greater sacrifice to the gods of Technology, Scientism, Conformity and Nationalism. Yet we do not believe that society can be reformed by violence, for the very food of our society is violence, and its children are violence, fear and distrust. We propose that the alienated, the disenchanted and the loving build their own society, within yet apart from the fabric of present society changing it from within by refusing to practice its values, and by love and sharing and peace and creation. We propose the creation of a complex of producer cooperatives, with each enterprise owned by the workers of all, and the revenues of each shared equally by all participants. We propose that the goals of the Co-op be more jobs for more people rather than profit, and freedom to live and to be able to do your thing without harassment and poverty, instead of slavery to the insanely rising standard of living. We talk of a campus food sale to raise initial funds, of a small film theater close to campus, showing fine films at low prices as a first business, to raise money for the establishment of more enterprises. Eventually art shop, bakery shop, homemade clothing and furniture shops, frinky shop, farms, and what people can & will do. We badly need an ORGANIZER-TYPE and a MANAGER for theater; people with TIME, people with MONEY, people who MAKE THINGS, people who EMPATHIZE. Call Winslow EA 2-5149, Bernie Yang LA 5-7658, Gordon Peterson if you can find him, Robbie Stern EA 9-3150, Paul Mosher LA 4-6539 or Paul Dorpat ME 2-9320.

**Sunday Hanging**

Kafkaesque intrusions in the lives of "normal" men are rare. But occasionally even our local press--the daily waste-pan for regulated rocking chair violence and gossip--will run a little item that must be for even the most contented social cow and intruding mind-blapp. One appeared recently in the TIMES...or was it the PI? VANCOUVER, WASH.--AP-- The attorney general of Washington has been asked if it's okay to hang a man on Sunday. A Superior court judge in Vancouver sentenced John Hawkins, 28, to hang on Sunday, Sept. 17, for the 1964 murder of a Vancouver teen-age girl.

Judge Robert McMullen intended to schedule the execution for a week day, but because of an inadvertent flip of a calendar page, the hanging was ordered for a Sunday. No one has ever been hanged on Sunday in Washington before. But Clark County Prosecutor R. DeWitt Jones, the man who built the case against Hawkins, doesn't think the day should make any difference. "After all," he said, "killers don't make a calendar check when they're prepared to do somebody in." Predictably, since this was written, things have gotten out of hand. Through massive press coverage the entire state has participated in making the decision. It is, of course, irrelevant which way it goes. The madness began sometime ago.

**Rock N'Roll Would Make Anybody MAD**

quaintances have in various conditions pondered over the following: an "editorial" that appeared recently in the Fort Lewis paper, THE RANGER. Realizing that the contorted fantasies of paranoids and put-on artists frequently run the same we--anyone of us--have yet to decide whether the following is straight or a shuck: "Today, America's youth is angry, and I can't blame them! There may not be an excuse for rebellion against authority or even hippies. But there may be a reason. They are brainwashed; tortured.

"The intelligentsia--they can be defined as those who are educated beyond their intelligence--try to insinuate that environment, parental guidance and religion are factors. But the answer is rock and roll!

"A dizzy group named after a famous patriot performed the other evening. After two 'selections,' I was ready to protest anything or even take LSD with platformate for extra mileage.

After constant bombardment by this noise and warbling, and watching the rhythmic twitching of the performers, America's youth is brain-washed--yes--paralyzed unknowingly.

"Now adults are not affected by this insidious weapon of the hidden enemy because they normally avoid the 'scene.'

"Let's not despair, however. The remedy is easy: Have young Americans listen to and watch Lawrence Welk and Sammy Kaye, and they'll soon calm down and grow up to run the nation and the world as effectively as we!"

**Hip Hams**

CQ CQ CQ All hippies who are now or once were amateur radio operators (hams). Your help is needed in establishing a hip radio net linking the hip scenes of the U.S. and Canada. Lack of a large scale communications network has led to much unnecessary confusion and paranoia. Flash on the possibilities: details of other scenes, info on police behavior and hippie countermeasures, coordinate digger-type activities, phone patches, radiograms, interviews and (with teletype) a news service for the underground press. If you wish to help in Seattle or elsewhere or have equipment (like anything) to lend or donate, leave message for Russ at Helix, ME 29320 or the Free "U" ME-2299, or Dan Eskenazi at the "Random Sampler."

even as it must from the use of our pharmaceutical carnival of legal crutches for the business man and housewife.

What has become clear is that objective and responsible research is essential to clear the issue. It is also clear that public interest warrants such research. We can only sit in innocent confusion as to why the government chose to cancel 50 of its 55 National Institute of Mental Health research projects in this area.

## SNIFF FREAKS \*\*\* BEWARE \*\*\*

The use of commercially available FREON is becoming something of a fad. What you should know is that it is destructive to the central nervous system, which puts pretty much in the same bag as glue sniffing (so to speak). If you want to go on a giddy trip "laughing gas" is much more effective and also safe. It is also legally available at your local supermarket. Reddi Whip uses "laughing gas" (nitrous oxide) for the pressure. If you don't shake it up and leave the can upright you can draw the gas off the top by placing your mouth over the nozzle, pushing it down, and inhaling deeply. About three people can get the giggles this way without laughing to death.

## LEGAL DOPE IS HERE

Well, it's finally happened. One each standard high school dropout hippie chemist has found a legal dope that really gets you off. Basing his experimentation on knowledge picked up in the stabilization of tetra-hydrocanabinal, he has found a catalyst that releases the latent hallucinogens found in virtually all plants. Used with ordinary cigarette tobacco three or four tokes will give a very clean pot high for about 30-45 minutes. It comes on amazingly fast (most people go up seconds after the first toke), and is totally safe and LEGAL!

As an added benefit it makes pot come on stronger and can be the basis for extensive research on spices teas, etc. (If anyone finds a goodie write DOPE c/o HELIX and we will check out the physiological aspects.)

Now to this strange catalyst and the actual preparation of ". It is common aspirin, pure aspirin not the buffered junk. To prepare it grind the tabs into a fine powder like flour. Then mix it with the tobacco, a film of the powder should cover all the tobacco (chunks mixed with the tobacco are not effective because of the sparsity of the hallucinogens). The approximate proportions are two tabs of aspirin to three standard cigarettes. If you do a good job of powdering the aspirin the proportions will work themselves out properly in the mixing.

Next roll substance or jam in pipe, inhale deeply, hold and enjoy. You might turn straights on to it since there's no legal or physical hangups.

## SMOKE - IN

(Condensed in the East Village Other, August 5th)

New York - Huge quantities of marijuana were smoked in public in Tompkins Square Park in New York City on July 23rd & 30th by mixed crowds of hippies, blacks and Puerto Ricans. There was nary a bust by the wary fuzz as the heat was on them because of the bearby Harlem Puerto Rican "section."

"Bring instruments & make music, drums, drums, drums, bells, flutes, (joints?) traiga la conga conusted.... Forget paranoia--make music together \*Tompkins Park," read the leaflet. On the 23rd, 400 people showed and smoked and on the 30th, 3,000 were hip to the idea that every Provo (N.Y.) happening is automatically a smoke-in. By 8:00 hundreds of joints appeared everywhere in the crowd; a sweet haze rose skyward...anonymous benefactors threw handfuls of joints into the air.

The hip, grass-smoking poor of the ghetto--hippie, Puerto Rican, Negro--can ignore police hasslement if they're together. The cops aren't going to bust 3,000 people--not after Memorial Day, not with rioting all over the country. Together the people here are even capable of resisting the laws--like the laws against grass--that discriminate against people in the ghetto; and changing them, directly and nonviolently.

(Dick: cont. from p5)

(One wonders if Christianson's parishioners are dazzled by such subtleties from the pulpit.) The chemist reported after a technically aided visual sighting of some microscopic green vegetable matter, that is was indeed cannabis.

This past week the entire case was dismissed from court. Dick Christianson, who so acted like a cop when he entrapped Roger Crowley, didn't even show up for the trial. It was, the court agreed, a sequence of arbitrary fumblings.

Risking editorial intrusion, I admit that my mother is a Christianson, and that my father is a Lutheran minister. But my mother is a sentimental laissez-faireist, for all her propriety, and my father recently confessed to me that having played the power-game for 50 years he now recognized it as such, and so considered himself an intrinsic hippie and an aging drop-out. But this is something which Dick Christianson - my perhaps distant relative - has not yet had the wisdom to discover: that when you get engulfed in the desire for power - no matter how you rationalize it from the pulpit - you inevitably begin to treat people, literally, like shit. With the same strange fascination you gave to your own waste when you were a child you begin to sadistically and dirty fondle and manipulate people...in short, for all your back-slapping, smiles and paternal wonder you lose your own humanity, belittle and even functionally injure the humanity of others. Dick Christianson must quit confusing his prerogatives with that of a child playing in the dirt. "When I was a child I spoke and acted like a child, but....."

DORPAT

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PERMANENT BRAIN DAMAGE - 10% THE MAD PECK, DEPT F, BOX 2307 Prov., R.I., 02906

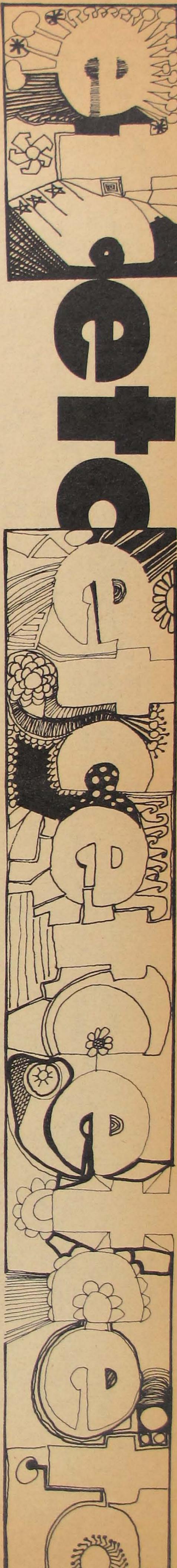
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A god can do it. But how, tell me, can  
A man follow him through the narrow lyre?  
His mind is in halves, and no temple for Apollo stands  
At the intersection of desires.

Song, as you tell it, is not to have it  
Not the getting up to something that's gone before.  
Song is this silent singing: the gods' easy habit,  
When will we hear a full nothing? And this roar  
Stop between spaces of earth and stars only to sit?  
Your young and it is not that you are in love,  
Though your mouth is forced open by the sound of it.  
Get rid of that passionate clatter. Anyway it goes.  
The right singing is in another breath.  
A breath round nothing. A breeze in the god.  
A wind.

rilke

ABOUT "GROWING UP"

as i was biding  
my time  
in the middle  
of a wandering  
wonder

my palms piled high  
with things  
soft and easy  
whose names  
i never caught

i clenched my fist  
and fell a far way  
from ever to never  
in one faltering step

landed on a pile  
of old road maps  
none of which  
were going my way

and what i want  
to say is  
how the hell  
do you get out of here?

rochelle imbiow

FOR MY FRIEND

because i could not pick  
a daffodil  
for the death of it

to bring you something  
singing  
a poem being

somewhere sometime  
the closer i can see

back to forward  
into today i give  
you this

instead

rochelle imbiow

how is it that we exist  
in a flower garden  
of non flowers

to the child of my love

to you the revolution is birth  
with love you will not have to relearn  
now to generate regenerate  
the white light in the red box  
alive in the lemonsplakle greenblue mountain  
wind field sucking the universe  
from my mystic loves  
pale virgin breast  
the spirits rejoice  
at the rebirth of one who's  
moment is reaching the all-light for the revolution  
has begun  
the vibrations have been very strong  
you are free to flow

w.ward

HIS I  
While 2 slippery women  
dry in the crypt  
he sits  
in the sacristy and sews  
patches on a clown's overalls  
His wounds are as gilded  
as his candied hose.

His Mouth  
mimics nature  
like a victorian gable  
meandering  
through sleeping things  
sentimental, hoping  
God and things sleep well  
he instructs  
the sexton to no longer  
play Cole Porter on the  
carillon

His Weapon  
is the space between 2  
words  
to sit and trace some pantomime of love on overalls.

2  
While 2 slippery women  
in the crypt speeding  
on the juice  
of distilled fantasy  
flap against the stones  
like  
pregnant butterflies  
and scratch their  
bleached obituaries  
in bone.

Keepers  
of  
their  
own door  
inviting themselves  
in at the proper hour  
for 2  
of them fired in the  
furnace  
of desire oblivious  
to the uninvited guest.

3  
His Mouth  
Nor can pure joy be long  
sustained  
Woman was the first pack  
animal  
She walks with earth  
heavy in her hair  
101 metaphysicians are  
drawn behind speculating  
on the measure of the load.

His Throat  
The bull runs blind  
on the sword  
The cow wanders crazed  
beyond the strand  
The world is everything  
that is the case.

4  
His Song  
(with the moving lips of a  
forever babbling child he  
traces the zodiac after  
propertius and then some  
he sings.....)

of 1 woman  
and the eating  
and the sleeping  
and the clear line  
from the table  
to the bed  
the gracious dippings of  
her pendulous knees  
I tilted at the edge of it  
and the clear line  
from the table  
to the bed  
Who rinsed my dishes  
in this commode  
they smell so sweet  
Let all my divisions  
be divided  
by swinging doors  
The fluid lippings of  
earth's valves

# GRATEFUL DEAD

(Grateful Dead Interview Continued)

Having now left San Francisco and moved to New Mexico where they can "make new music" outside of the Haight Hassel, the GRATEFUL DEAD will likely be in tribal retreat for a time. The below portions of an interview with Jerry Garcia, lead guitar, are continued from the last issue.



I: How long have you been involved with music?  
G: I started playing the guitar when I was 15... I stayed in school for maybe another 2 years. And when I was 17 I dropped out completely. And devoted my energy to music, I also was turned on first when I was 15, when I was a kid in school in San Francisco.

I: To what?

G: Grass. And, y'know what was going on in those days. The 15-year-olds in the school were all drinking. Drinking is an awful thing, it's a bad physical experience. So I was interested in anything new. When somebody offered it to me - grass - I smoked it and got just greatly high... it made everything much funnier.

I: So drugs are just part of your...

G: They're just part of our life style, right.

I: You don't need them for the music?

G: No, no, no. Only incidentally. They're both a part of my life. But so is everything else, eating, breathing... the thing that happens when you get high and play is like new ideas present themselves, new possibilities. You're more open to the changes in the music, but more important, you're more open to the changes in the people. There's a very real kind of communication going on between the dancers and the musicians, your working with each other. If you're a little stoned, you're less into yourself, less into demonstrating your ability, you're less into your own thing and more into the total thing... Playing itself is a high, playing is in fact the best high that I know... There's no comparable experience in drugs. Nothing like it.

I: Do all of you live in the Haight?

G: ... We're moving to the Southwest... You know, we're concerned about our productivity. And what we're going to do is like get away from the, well, from just this kind of thing.

I: Talking, you mean?

G: Right, right. Get away from a lot of people and a lot of action and a lot of energy and just go out and do our own thing for a while.

I: Have you made any connections with the Hopi Indians?

G: Some of the people in the Haight went down there and made a very bad impression... They acted more like American tourists than people who were trying to represent any brotherhood.

I: Your music, is it rooted in the blues? I mean a lot of them on the album are at least.

G: Yeah, the album, at that time we were mostly doing blues-oriented things. Now we're starting to get into a different thing. Although the blues is like, you know, blues is something we all grew up with. But we all come from different musical trips. Pigpen's background is very heavy country blues... Phil's is heavy classical. He played violin and trumpet and then he composed for a while..... (Phil plays the bass.)

I: You have the same five then that you've had all along?

G: Right... There's so much new music and so much good music. And it's getting better all the time. Things are getting better all the time.

I: Quoting a Beatles song? I came up through rock when I was 16 and all that. When I got to be 20, I stopped listening to the radio because the music just sounded like it was played out. Now suddenly the last two years...

G: New Energy...

I: Look around the crowd here today. Certainly these people aren't all hippies. (The Golden Gardens Be-In)

G: No but they're all people. Like the more straight people that come to these kind of scenes, the easier it'll be for them to see that hippies aren't going to hurt them. The whole scene is like good-natured.....

## Art's Unlimited Underground

1ST & SPRING  
Ma-2-9405

(MARKET: cont. from p.5)

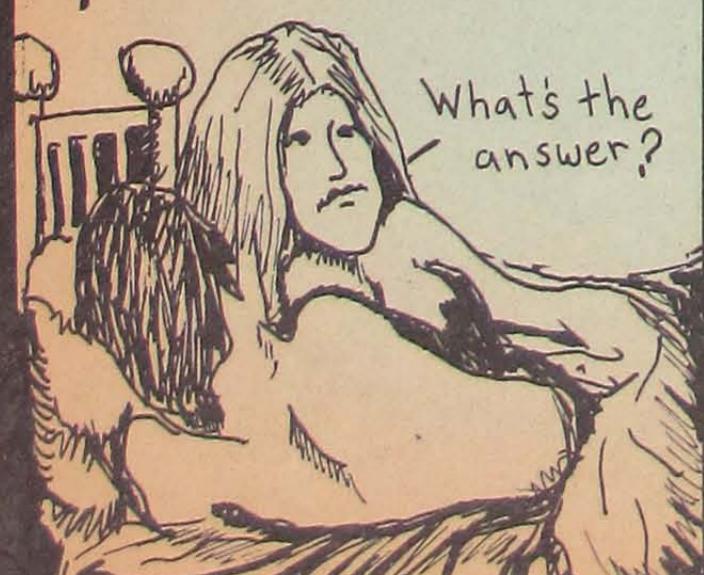
hecklers: "lumpenproletariat vetrums." (There were no police.) One drunk claiming to be an ex-marine tried to rally other "vetrums" and eventually one of the committee, Miguel McKay was thrown to the ground and his sign torn. With an efficiency that surprised the crowd the Defense Committee went into action and drove off the attackers, "One of them suffered head injuries. They could see that attacking us could be costly. We would have no more of that nonsense from 'the vetrums'." Then a sometime Longshoreman, Ernest Parken, started throwing fruit from the back of the crowd. The Defense Committee, Kline at the front, went to investigate. Kline was met with the by now famous punch in the nose. Soon Kline was on top of Par-

ken. They were separated and the demonstration went on, ran its full strategized course, and concluded. "The two attempts to break us up were defeated." (Later four policeman were "discovered" in the back of the market... possibly protecting the apples.)

A rather plaintive denouement to this dramatic business occurred on the banana docks. There Kline and Parken both worked unloading the Ariel. Off the Market set, Kline and Parken talked to one another. "I got him to admit that Ky is a dictator and that he knows little or nothing about why his sons must fight. When I asked him if he thought he was better than a black worker he yelled 'Hell yes... don't try to talk to me anymore'."

Our workers are plainly not united.

To much police brutality and stupidity; too many kooks and phonies on the City Council. It's the new scene all the way -- legalize pot-abortions and free love. Protect our working girls in Chinatown and Get Out of Viet Nam - Now! vote Art DeWitt for City Council post 4\*\* - paid advertisement.



The ID bookstore now has a 3-Day Thesis binding Service Call Me-2-5344. The ID will also centralize an old by word of mouth service. If you're going somewhere like Frisco or Vancouver and if you have a car and want some riders to share expenses or just groove along or if you need a ride to someplace then go to the ID and put your name on the calendar.

The Basic Needs Company will be handling the local crashing. This is important. If you live near or in the district and have a place where a needy person could crash for a night call Me-3-3850 and give your aid to the B.N.C. We need many more beds.

The hippy Job Corps 200 or more peniless but soulfull workers. Put a conscience in your garden. Call Me-3-3850 for help: modeling, gardening, etc..

oh love!

# UNDERGROUND ROCK FESTIVAL

1PM NOON TO 12 MIDNIGHT  
AUG. 20 SUNDAY

EAGLESS

MAGIC FERN  
TIME MACHINE  
GOMES SYRGUS

CLOCKWORK ORANGE  
GOOD KARMA LAWN SERVICE  
WILLOWDALE HANDCAR JUG BAND  
UNITED FLIGHT SERVICE  
CHIMES OF FREEDOM

**LIGHTS!** PRISM **BOOTH'S!**

TICKETS BOUGHT BEFORE 6:PM:

ONLY \$2.00

• AFTER 6:PM: \$3.00

NOTE:  
STONE AGE MAN WITH  
STONE AXE

GRAPHICS:  
AARD-VARK ARTS  
W. CROWLEY

ADVANCE TICKETS: \$2.50

AT DISCOUNT RECORDS &  
RANDOM SAMPLER